

Regulus Pictures' Star

A Hewlett Publication

ROCKY LANE

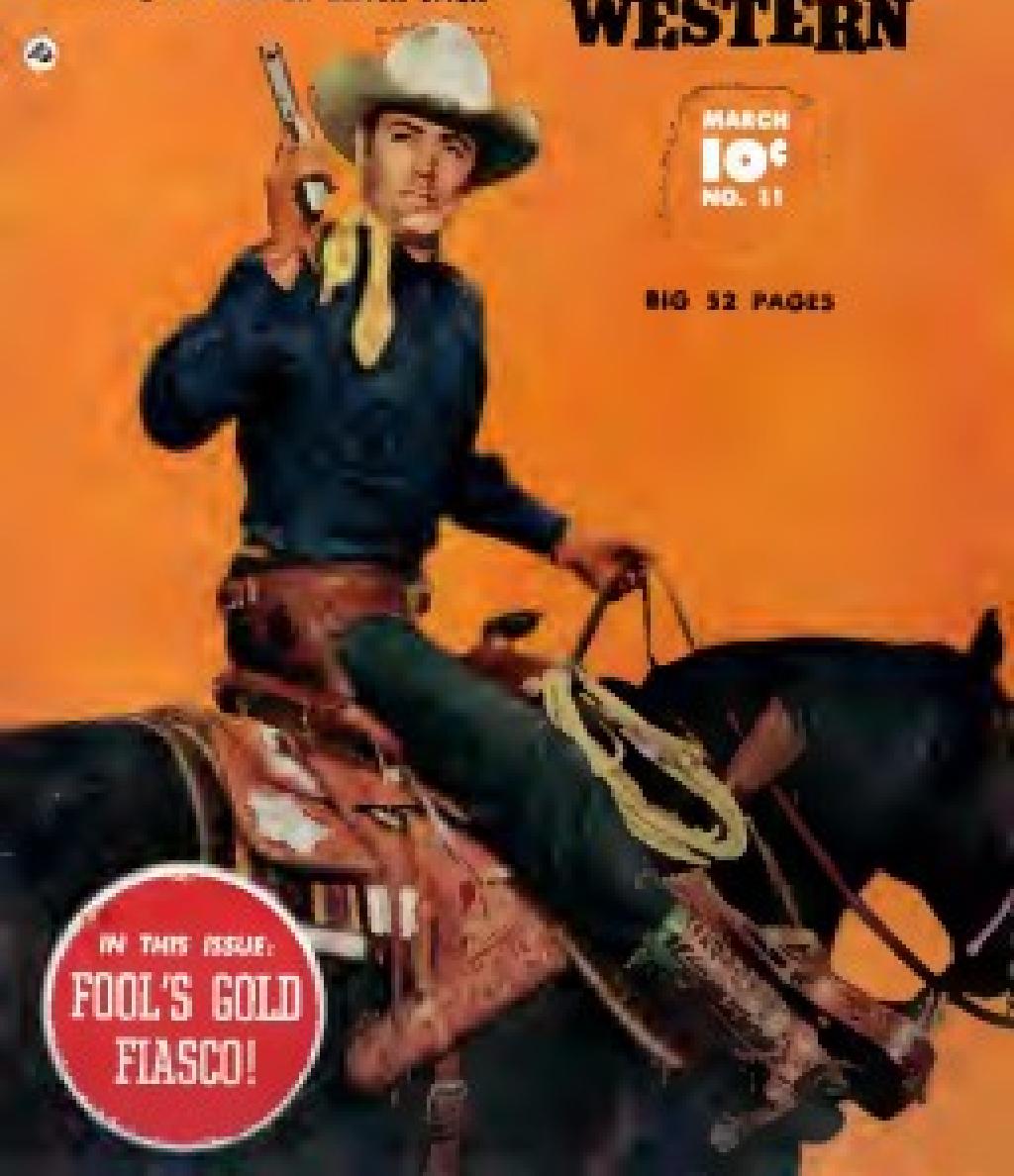
Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

MARCH
10¢
NO. 11

BIG 32 PAGES

IN THIS ISSUE:
**FOOL'S GOLD
FIASCO!**



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Barbara Baskin
Barbara Baskin

卷之三

七

The following authorizing measures are made available on their merits by the Senate & House of Representatives:

CLIFF MARTYL, REVERENDS - LASH LASH, REVEREND - THE REVEREND, RABBI - RABBI'S T. RABBI, REVEREND
WING LEECHES - WINGWEECHES - WINKIE LUNGWEECHES - WINKIE THE SPYING GUY - WINKIE IN THE PESTILENT
CLIFF MARTYL JR - MARTYL MARTYL - THE RABBI MARTYL - MARTYL RABBI MARTYL - MARTYL RABBI
BOB CANNON, MILLION - THE BOB MILLION - MILLION BOB MILLION - MILLION BOBBY MILLION

they often do more than those who are given more time to think about their answers.

On the History of the

© PUBLIC PICTURES 2004

Rocky Love

in FOOL'S GOLD FIASCO!



**23. What guitars is not gold? when an old song
but when a masterpiece of construction deserves the
weight out of existence, it takes the hard-riding, courageous
Bentley-Mercedes-Benz GUITAR, commanding
above the Gun-smoke land, matching strums with words
at every note, so FINEST IT is the strong, thundering
sound of **FOOL'S GOLD FINESSE**.**

CHIEF LESSON WITHIN A SERIES OF SUBJECTS WHICH ARE PART OF THE SAME PROGRAM

卷之三

卷之三

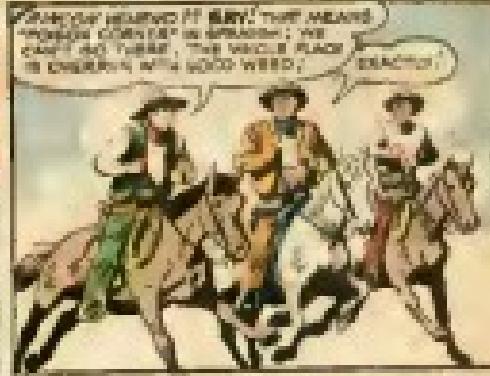
**WANT TO
SELL YOUR
HOME?
WE CAN HELP
YOU!**

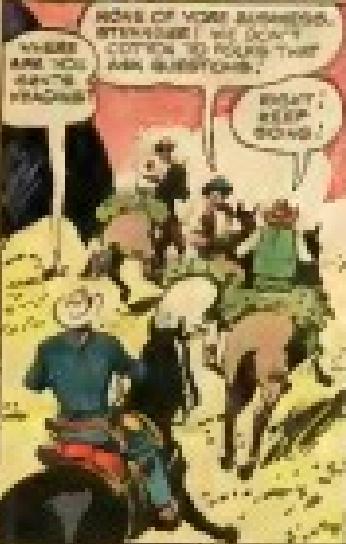
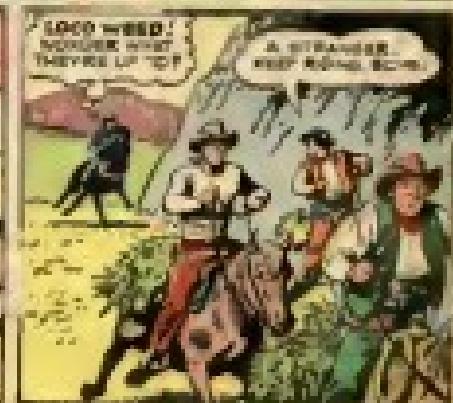
CET TRAIT
CHAP. LOCATED
MOUNTAIN,
SOUTHERN CALIF.
THE MOUNTAIN
PEAKS -

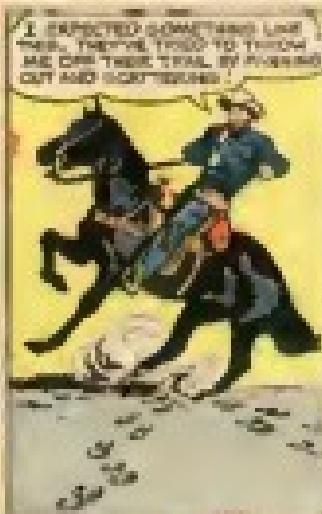
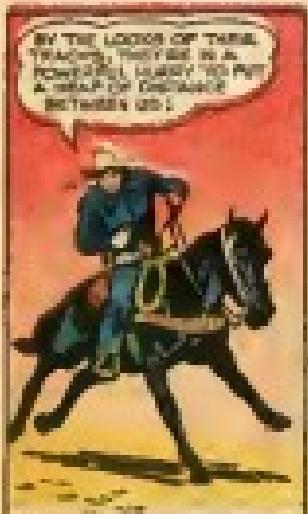
AS THE DAY WHICH HELPS COME HOME AT ONE OF HER CALIFORNIA TOWNS, HERE MARY ATTENDS THE END OF THE WORLD IN A
REHABILITATION CENTER.

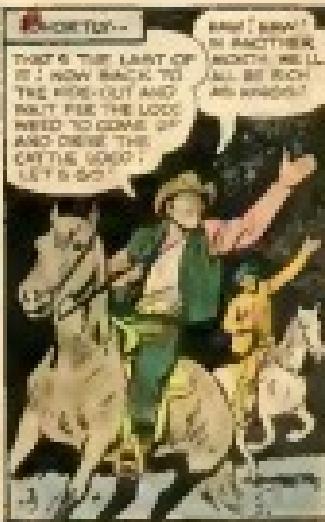


ROD LANE WRITER

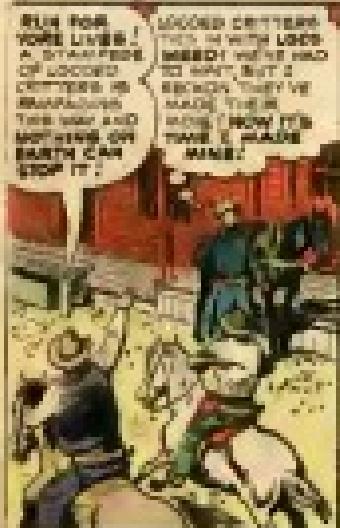








ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN







THE JASPER'S ARE
A JUST TRAIL!

IT'S A
LAWMAN!



DO YOU
WANT TO
PLAYON
DRAFFIN
WITH ROCKY
LAW, BOY?

FOOT LAND WITNESS



ROCKY LANE

rounds up the Redskins!



ALAN "ROCKY" Lane, famous when they were, makes again in the greatest new Negro play picture "Pecos River Roustabout." Be sure to see it at your neighborhood theater.



THAT'S LITTLE BILLIE'S PONY KILLED BY AN ARROW! THE INDIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE RANCH OWNERS SON.



DE DIRT, BLACKBIRD! THIS INDIAN TRAIL IS STILL WASHED!



Can't sleep night Rocky observes the Indian camp.



SWEAT I AM ONE AN INDIAN TRICK OR TWO MYSELF, CHART!



NO SWEAT — BUT YOU'D BETTER GET SICK AND COME TROUBLE!



SWEAT YOUR BRAINS, YOU REDDONS — GET ROCKY ON THE AIRPORT NOW!



SWEAT — YOUR BRAINS?

SWEAT! ROCKY CAPTURED THE ROLLING STONES!

SWEAT! THERE WAS ONLY ONE SWEAT OF TEA!

This was a good idea to have you to clean house, but we are no match for Rocky and his great ad-mirabilities.

QUICKLY READING UP THE ICE BOX, ROCKY HAD THE BASIC TRAIL WHERE HE MADE SHOT & COCKTAILS WITH A FEW PLATES.



JUST GIVE ME
SOMEONE TO
TALK TO,

JUST GIVE ME
SOMEONE TO
TALK TO,
SOMEONE TO
TALK TO,

SHAKE UP
CARNATION
MILK AND
SWEAT!

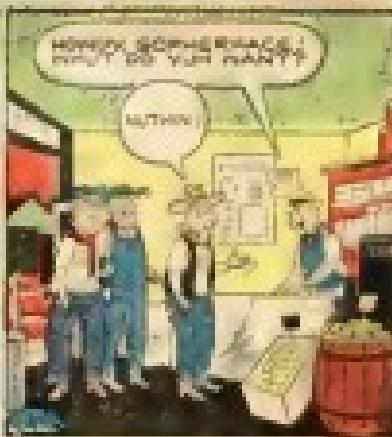
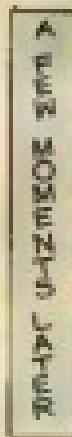
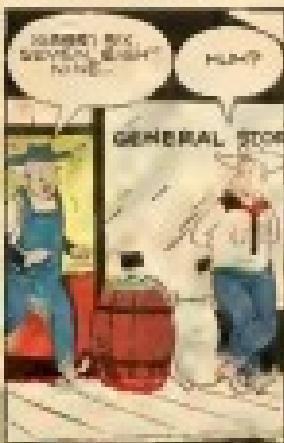
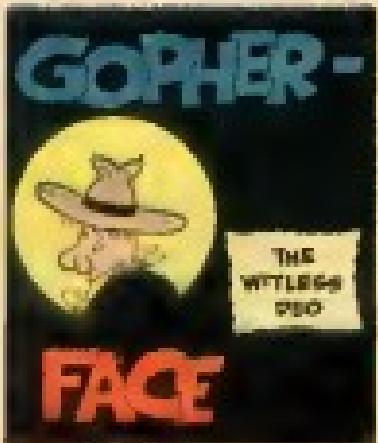
ME TOO,
THIS TASTES
BRILLIANT!



CARNATION MALTED
MILK GIVES YOU REAL
HUMAN ENERGY! ASK
MOM TO GET A JAR.
SEE WHAT A CRUNCH
IT IS TO MAKE
SWELL-TASTIN'
PROFESSIONAL MALTS
RIGHT AT HOME!



Chocolate or
Mango Flavor



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane in *Guilty*



When the few clues from a robbery suddenly lead to one man and that one man is found critically wounded,

where do you go from there? That's what unshakable Marshal Rocky Lane has to figure out in the chilling adventure of **"GUILTY!"**

AT THE CHERYL MATERIALS OFFICE—

—AND FINALLY THE THREE DAY WAITING AS I WAITED COUNTING THE MONEY TO BUY THE BANK A STEAMER CASE IS OVER.

IF IT HAPPENED TODAY
I'D SAY WHAT YOU WANT
YOU KNOW TO REPORT THE
ROBBERIES.



REGARDING THAT TWO DIFFERENT CLOTHES I REFERENCED. THE GOLD AND IF I HAD ANY THINGS I LEFT WHEN IT HAPPENED A THIRD TIME, I FIGURED I'D BETTER TALK AGAIN."

"TALK ON. OR ELSE I'D REFUSE AGAIN." ALSO OF COURSE I ALREADY KNEW HE WOULD NOT WANT TO TALK. BUT HE'S GOT TO TALK.

IT'S THE END OF THE LINE FOR ME. I'M GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS.

ABOUT OF COURSE AND A DIFFERENTLY ONE COMING BACK DOWN TO CATCH YOU OFF GUAREN-



WELL, HE THREW ME, SINCE YOU ARENT HERE YOU CAN'T CATCH THE GUY DOWN. I DON'T WANT TO GET A

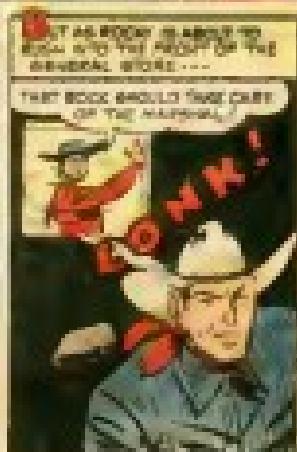
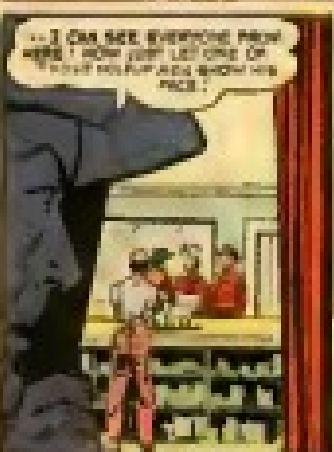
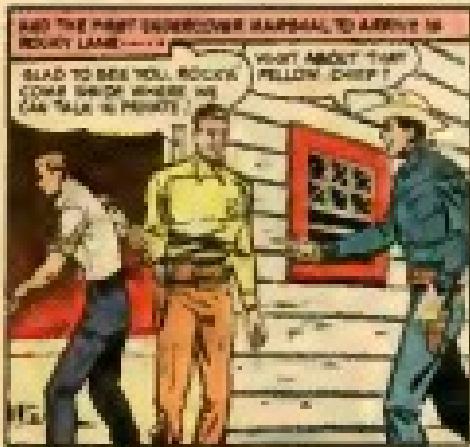
BACKACHE, SO I'LL BE IN THE BACK OF YOUR OFFICE.

WHICH IS WHERE I'M GOING.

THREE TO HOLD 'EM, BUT WE CAN CATCH HIM BY THE PASTY. I'LL TELL THE FEDS UNCOVERED HARBINGER.



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AND WHEN ROCKY COMES TO—

"YOU HEARD? A HORSE WHO
THE COWBOYS CALLED 'HOT' WAS
FOUND DEAD! I'M ALSO WORRIED
ABOUT THAT. THE VETERINARIAN,
BROWN, SAYS IT'S POSSIBLE
THE COWBOYS ARE THE CULPRITS
WHO KILLED IT WHEN THEY WERE HERE."



"HE MIGHT BE BEHIND THESE
FOLLOWERS HIMSELF, AND THE
BLAME ON ME REPORTED THEM
TO THE COWBOYS TO MAKE
HIMSELF LOOK INNOCENT!"



SET AN' ROCKY COMES INTO THE FRONT OF
THE GENERAL STORE—

"I TALK WITHIN;
DODGE IS BEEN
SHOT!"



"THOSE COWBOYS ARE STILL
MISSING! I'D BETTER GET
ME TO A DOCTOR FIRST!"



DODGE LIES—

"MAYBE WHEN HE COMES TO
HE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL IF
THE COWBOYS DID IT!"



AT THE DOCTOR'S...

"HE'S LATE...THE DOCTORS IN
HOSPITAL AREN'T HAVING
ANYTHING BUT IT'S BEEN
BETWEEN ONE THOUSAND AND ONE
THOUSAND!"

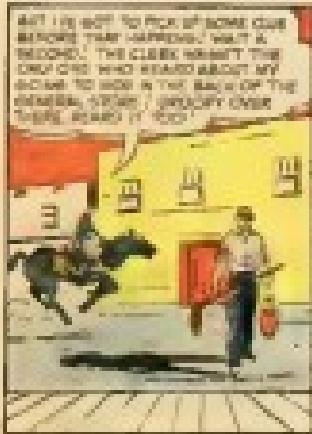
"I'M GLAD TO
HEAR THE FIGHT
WAS NOT THIS
SECOND!"



"AM I DODGE AND THE COWBOYS HIRING
KIDS, NOT DEAD, THEY'LL PROBABLY
VANISH IN A SMALL TOWN AND WE
CAN'T LOCATE THEM WHERE
WE COME TO..."



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





END BY THE TIME ROCKY REGAINED HIS BALANCE, THE THREE CROOKS HAD ALREADY MADE START ON HIM. BUT THAT'S NOT IT. BETTER MARKDOWN ROCKY LANE!





AND BOOBY BILLYBOP HAS BLAZED HIS WAY WITH THE PURPLE BARS! FOR FIGHTING CRAZY?



COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in
Rocky Lane
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
ROD CAMERON
BY
Rod Cameron

ONLY \$1 AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSPAPERSTAND!

Or at almost 1,000 newsstands.



SLIM PICKENS

and

THE SPARKLING CASE

ROSS OR BROWN
FOR YOUR LOOK
A WANTED
MAN !

COUNTRY
JAILHOUSE

THE LIFE IS
FULL OF
TRAILS !

THE EAST PLAIN
GO THAT'S IT

HOW WE FEEL THAT LAST
TO FILL UP TRAILER BUT
THAT'S NOT
HARD TO DO !

IT DOES TO ME
TO SEE I JUST
BECAME A
LAWYER !

A LAWYER ! BUT THAT'S
THE WORST PROFESSION
OF ALL !

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
THE WORST PROFESSION
OF ALL ?

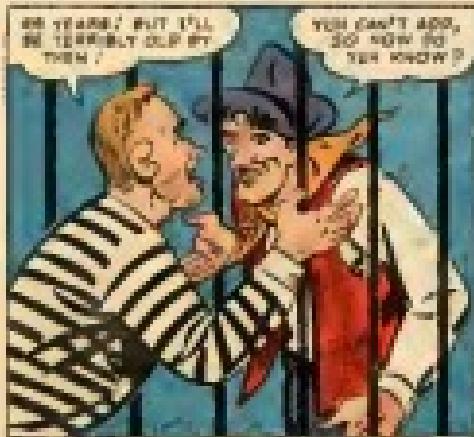
WELL, A LAWYER
DOESN'T MAKE
MANY OF THEM,
DOES HE ?

NO, FOR YOU / TELL ME
WHERE YOU HAVE
THE ADVANTAGE
OVER ME !

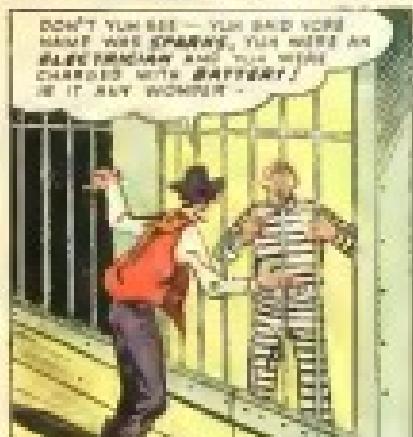
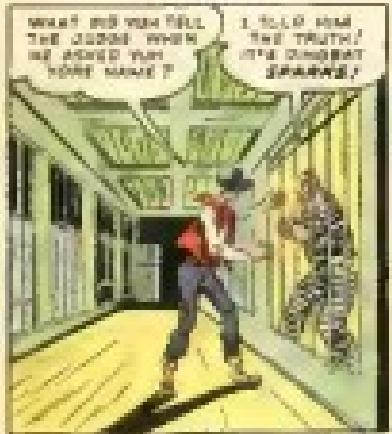
TELL ME ONE
THING — NO
LAWYER EVER
TELL THE
TRUTH !







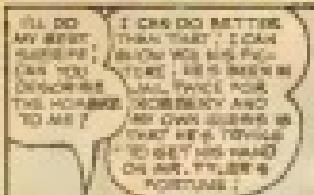
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

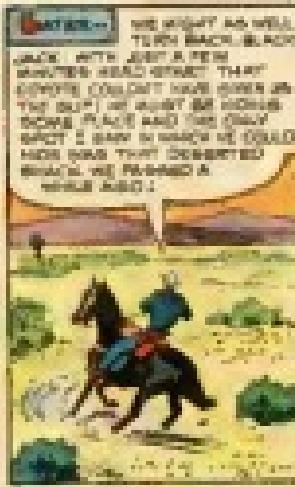


DEAUBIC PICTURES STAR

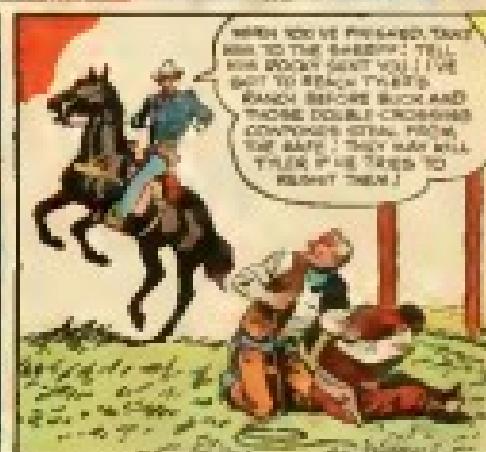
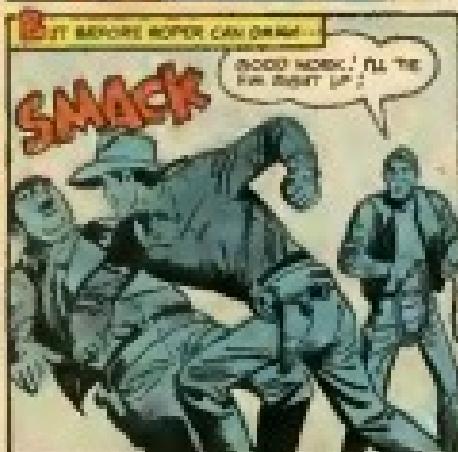
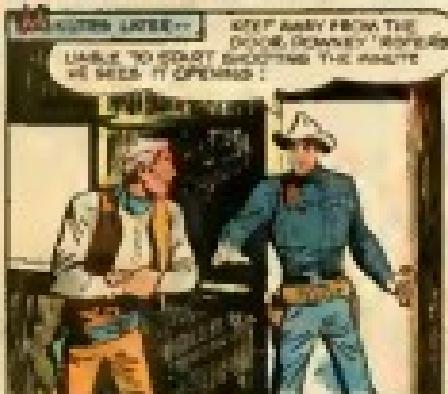
and THE EVIL
SHADOW!















小结与回顾

卷之三

**WOMEN OVER THE DOOR AND OVER
THE STREET IN FRONT OF US, THAT'S A
WOMAN I DON'T WANT TO HONOR.**

THE SIGHTS AND SCENES OF
THE MOUNTAINS OF THE
MOUNTAIN CHIEFS OF THE
MOUNTAINS OF THE MOUNTAINS

I CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY BAD I
CAN'T STAND TYLES! IT'S EASY TO THINK
OF SOMETHING
ELSE.

THIS, THEY DON'T TELL.
WE - WE WOULDN'T DARE
THREE WITH LITTLE
TROUBLE.

OUT AS THEY SEE IT

**Does Trust
not act on
the weak?**

1

卷之三

卷之三

THE
LAST
WORD FROM
SIR ROY CAL-
LEN, THE MAN

NOT A POINT I CALL A
PROBLEMS. I RECENTLY
NOT BEEN FEELING TOO GREAT BECAUSE
I HAD A FLU. I WENT TO THE DOCTOR AND
HE TOLD ME I HAD AN INFECTION.
AND HE ADVISED ME TO REST
TILL I WAS BETTER.
THAT'S ALL.

See also [Biology](#)

THE E. T. T.
P. 1.

WE SLAYED
OUR FOE,
WHICH WAS —
OUR LIFE; AND
THE GREAT
MURDERER, A
KNOCK-UP!

四

卷之三



YOU ... can get
ROCKY'S in stores
the **Rocky John** newest addition
to the **Rocky John** line
at **ROCKY JOHN**

and the *Journal of the American Academy of
Orthopaedic Surgeons* are available at
the same address.

and the other two were
the same as the first.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
BOYS AND GIRLS...
TWO SMALL PREMIUMS
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

BOTH
FOR ONLY
15¢

ANY ONE RALSTON OR INSTANT
RALSTON BOX TOP

**BIG
2 FOR 1
TOM MIX
OFFER!**



1 Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope

Be first in your Straight Shooters gang with this new, super useful good luck charm!

Powerful Telescope! Clearly, easy to focus. Detects objects four times larger!

Magnifying Glass! Makes things a dozen bigger! Shows fingerprints, handwriting skills — read printed code messages!

A "Telescope," You'll Love it! Fun magnifying glass friends with major lens like science things look 20 times nearer!

Secret Compartment! Plenty of room for secret maps or messages!

2 Magic-Tone Birdcall

Play enough inside the Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope. Be a leader on hunting and trapping trips — use your Straight Shooter Birdcall to imitate all sorts of bird and wildlife — signal others to meet you!

Use it as a whistle for returning or observing at games — even birds over the ocean you never knew before! It'll feed for the exciting pair of processes today!

USE THIS COUPON

MAIL THIS COUPON TO: Ralston Cereals, Inc., 100 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

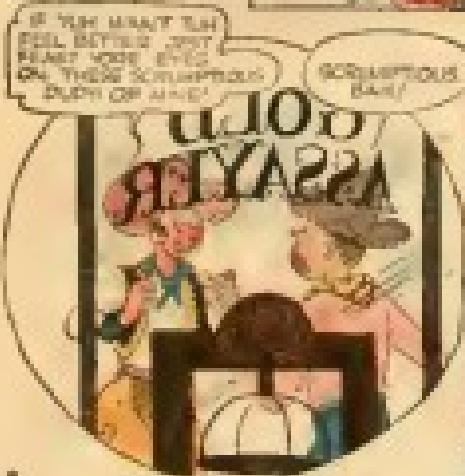
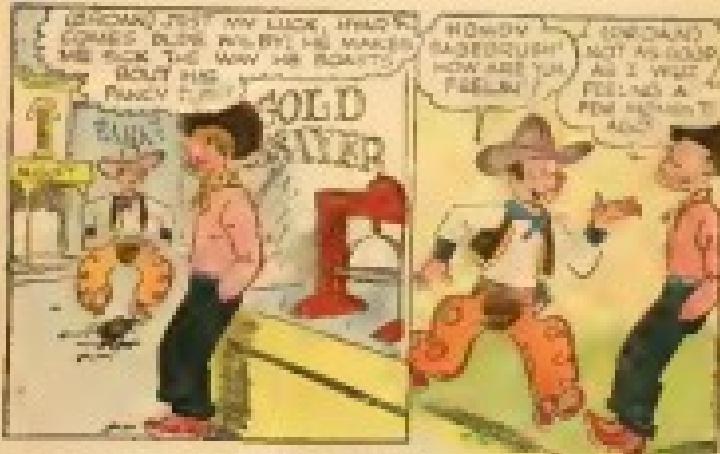
Send me _____ Ralston Box Tops and one Box Top Premium. Instant Ralston Box Top Premium and Two Box Top Premiums. Plastic Bullet Telescope AND Magic-Tone Birdcall.

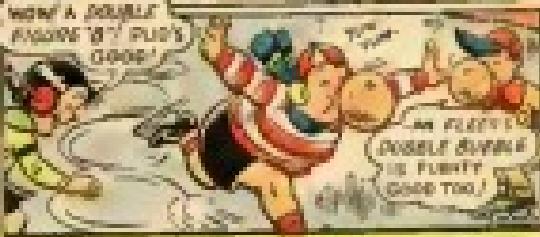
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Important note: If you have won a contest, just send your winning entries to us at the address above. We cannot accept them if you have already sent them to another place or if we have received them from another place.





DOBLE BUBBLE CANDY
PRODUCTION CO. LTD.

BIXBY BRILLIANT ONE AT A TIME



BORDER BADMEN

By Walter Farmer

STARS hung low in the black-bloch sky. The air was soft and gentle, with only the faintest breeze stirring. The lonely river crept silently by as it beat on soft rocks.

It was a perfect night for romance—or robbery!

The black silhouette of the lone rider was a perfect target. A gun把他. The older turned from the horse and lay still in the tall grass near the river. A low bird-like whistle sounded. Almost at once the silence was shattered by the barks of a score of riderless horses being driven into the river by mounted men. The horses splashed and swam and soon were clattering up the far bank, across the border. The riders drove after them, safe now from United States law!

"They're dead," said the tall man with the leathery face and the bushy-like, iron-gray hair. "We all know what he looks like. An' before a man as this forced a saddle. A smart horseman and a good fighter in any rough spot. And just about the quietest dove and best companion that ever belonged to the border patrol. But they got him just the same."

He paused as if to let the full significance sink in on the small circle of men.

"We've got only a handful of men to patrol a stretch of river such as long as from here to the ocean," said him, he continued. "We can't expect reinforcements for days, maybe weeks. Meanwhile, as our forces get thinner, the rustlers get more plentiful. No use palterin', we can't stand up and fight them men to men. We've got to think up some way to neutralize them. And pronto!"

He looked around quizzically at the men of the border patrol. At length, Pinto Chancie spoke up in his squat, high voice. "I've got an idea, Cap!" he said. "We could have somebody out in the river in a rowboat. He'd be a secret agent. Those sidewinders always expect us to be patrolling on shore and they can hear the hard beats whatever we're doing. But somebody in a boat could hardly be seen or heard, and he could spot anything that was going on ashore and signal the rest of us."

Everybody gathered. It was Duke Letch. Some of the others clucked, too.

"What's the matter, Letch? don't you see to the idea?" asked Cap, merrily.

"It's plenty late, if you ask me!" he declared. "What's Pinto trying to do? Turn us into a herd of dry land sailors! Me, I feel much satisfied if I'm not wearin' a saddle under me. I never heard tell of goin' after rustlers in a boat."

"Neither did I," agreed Cap.

Pinto, looking down at his high-heeled boots, seemed castellated.

"I never heard of it and I reckon the rustlers never heard of it either. That makes it a good idea. It'll be a surprise to them when we try it, tonight!" concluded Cap.

INTO speeched low in the boat and let

it drift with the stream. He didn't want to risk even the slight crack of the oarslocks. He was anxious how surely the shot would drift to him in midstream. It was so if the water made a sounding board.

His ears perked at the unanswerable sound of many hoofs. Good hoofs! It meant the horse thieves were busy again, taking full advantage of the dark of the moon. He reckoned the sound to be a quarter of a mile downstream, as he straightened a little and began paddling strongly on the oars. While the ruffians were driving, that gun shotter would drown out the one splash, he figured.

He had not paddled the oars three times when a fusillade of shots ripped toward him from the nearer bank. The little boat was riddled with shrap. Other border patrollers, hearing the gunfire, converged on the spot in time to see the small craft wobble and sink. Meanwhile, a quarter of a mile away, the rustlers were making another crossing unopposed,

"Well, that's the end of the know-it-all idea!" said Duke Letch, gazing across the river. "And it's the end of Pinto, too."

"I'm afraid it is," said Cap sadly, removing his hat.

"The poor boy meant well," continued Lench, "but a horseman is plumb less when he gets any ideas about riding some other kind of conveyance, especially a boat. That's the end of Pinto!"

His voice was meant to be bad, but he couldn't conceal the feeling of "I told you so" in his voice.

"It's not the end of Pinto!" said a dripping figure, emerging from the water.

"Pinto?" exclaimed Cap.

"Pinto!" exclaimed Lench and the others.

"Yes, they shot the boat right out from under me, but they didn't even scratch you truly," asserted Pinto. "Somebody got lucky and spotted me. But I'm still sure this is a good idea and I'm going out in another boat tomorrow night."

"Oh, no!" said Cap. "Too dangerous. I'm certain sure the Indians have a spy who knows our plans. They knew you'd be out there to-night and they ambushed you. You were lucky. But tomorrow you might not be!"

But Pinto and his squawky voice to work defending his idea, and finally Cap agreed to see more of it.

TWO men watched low in the trees near the clear back, peering out into the darkness. "There it is," whispered one as he rode for the rowboat, drifting in midstream slowly toward them. The other raised a rifle.

"Wait!" said his companion. "Let him get closer!"

"I will," said the rifleman. "Just wanted to try my sights."

They waited.

"You got to admit that boat idea is pretty slick," said one in a low voice. "It could have spotted our white gear—if we hadn't been tipped off!"

The other chuckled. "That's right, it could have."

"Close and closer drifted the boat.

One of the watchers whispered, "That's him, huddled up in the middle like a pea of hog feed. Get him! Are you ready?"

"Ready!" said the rifleman.

"Wait for the signal!"

It came in a moment. A whistle, mournful

as from a mournful bird. The rifleman drew a bead on the rowboat and squared the trigger.

The crack of the rifle was followed by a blinding burst and a thunderous explosion. The little rowboat turned to matches, soaring flame, lighting up the broad river. Rockam and Barnes shot abysmally.

Rioting horses, their half bare headed for the river to swim across the border and be sold at fancy prices, were filled with fright by the awesome sight. Whizzing and whirling they turned and charged in many directions. Some of the rustlers, trying valiantly to stop them, were wounded and stalked by the plunging beasts. Others, who tried to flee, found themselves rushing into the waiting arms—and gun—of well-prepared border guards.

Catching his breath, the rifleman said to his companion, "Something's wrong! We'd better run for it!"

"You'd better!" said the other. "But not me! I'll just mingle with the patrol again!"

NO YOU won't!" said a voice from behind. The pair whirled to find the business ends of two Colts held by Pinto Geronimo. "Touch high! And quick!"

The ribs plunked to the ground as both men stepped.

"You've got me wrong, Pinto," whined one of the men. "I was just about to retreat this moment."

"Duke Latch!" bellowed the rifleman. "you're the bigger lie about—"

"Shut up!" ordered Pinto. "I know somebody was tracking the border patrol and I sort of figured I'd be last. Last night, when my rowboat got turned loose, I slept with me in it, all the other passengers rolled up with their horses pasturing. But you, Latch, wasn't breathing hard. You didn't have to ride far to get to the shore because you were the spy who did the shooting."

"That's right, he did," snarled the rifleman.

"The wrong," continued Pinto. "I filled up the one boat with dynamite and fireworks. It was a trap—and you boys set it all year—about!"

BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW IN "A MOVING STORY"

"FRIENDS BIG BOW AND
LITTLE ARROW DAY, CAN
PLEASE GIVE US
A HEAL."

"I DON'T QUOTE ANY HARMONICS,
BUT I DON'T RECOMMEND A NEW CLOTHING
RETAILER UNQUOTE. SORRY FOR THE HUMOR
IT'S TRUE, PLEASE DON'T FURNISH THEM
GODFOR THEM, IT'S A DISEASE.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT?"



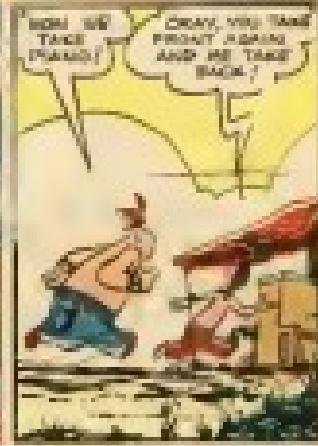
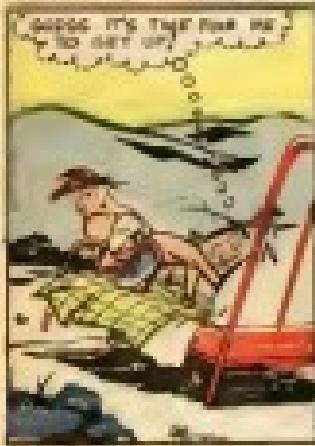
"WE DON'T QUOTE ANY HARMONICS
AND GET THE NEW CLOTHING
RETAILER UNQUOTE. IT'S A
HUMOR, THE STUFF."

"WE SPENT WITH BIG BOW,
BIG BOW!"

"OKAY, LITTLE
ARROW, YOU TAKE
FRONT, WE TAKE
BACK."

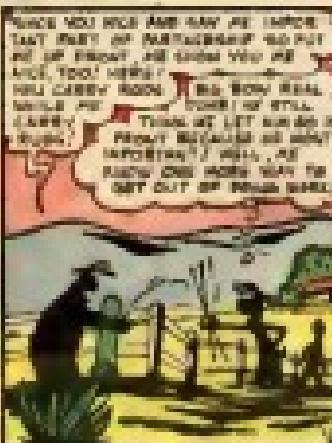


ROCKY LAMP WHITING





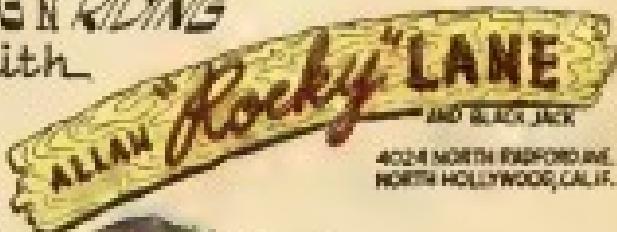
UP SO IT GOES FOR THE REST OF THE MORNING!





ROPING 'N' RIDING

With

ACADEMY NORTH PICTURES,
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Howdy, "Pardners":

Now that Old Man Winter is slackening his grip, the drivers and ranchers are riding all over the range and a lot of them will soon be roping over their teams - which means the cowboys will be riding the "log line."

Riding log at the toughest, steepest, most dangerous chores on the range. You see, when the rivers get swollen and spill over, they turn the bottoms of the streams into beds of mud, which sometimes get to be right waist-deep. When a lot of cattle (calfies) get bogged down in the mud, the log riders (cowboys) have to haul 'em out to save their lives... which takes easier said than done. It takes A HORNLOADS OF FLAIL work between a cowboy and his horse, but I reckon Main roads always been known to work wonders.

First off, only horses with plenty of "sense" and endurance and speed. A new horse might get himself bogged down and that would be a fix. When a log rider digits a critter that's bogged down (stuck in the mud) he builds himself a big loop with his rope and uses his legs as close as possible. Then he moves the critter by the horns and gives his rope a twist or two around his saddle horn, (this twist is called a dialy) so he can ease up in case the critter is trying to get the fangs under it and chew itself up while the horse is slowly hauling it out.

Most of the critters that are bogged down'll fight the log rider and health where the log rider depends on that horse and -- BOOM BOOM. Your horse has to "Savvy" his rope signals right well, too. Most horses are taught to give a little shank when you give your rope a yank or two and to pull when when you "shank" the shank back at 'em.

The important foovember that saving all those lives on the log line can be put right down to -- BOOM BOOM. So lots of us Folks get the hang of working together, whether living at home or while riding the log line. Come from work to what makes a "Pioneer" out of a fellow.

If at any time it appears you're a little slow in drivin' your team and reppin', kinda bearish, kinda worn mighty badly and often away from home. Besides that, the men's tracked sky high.

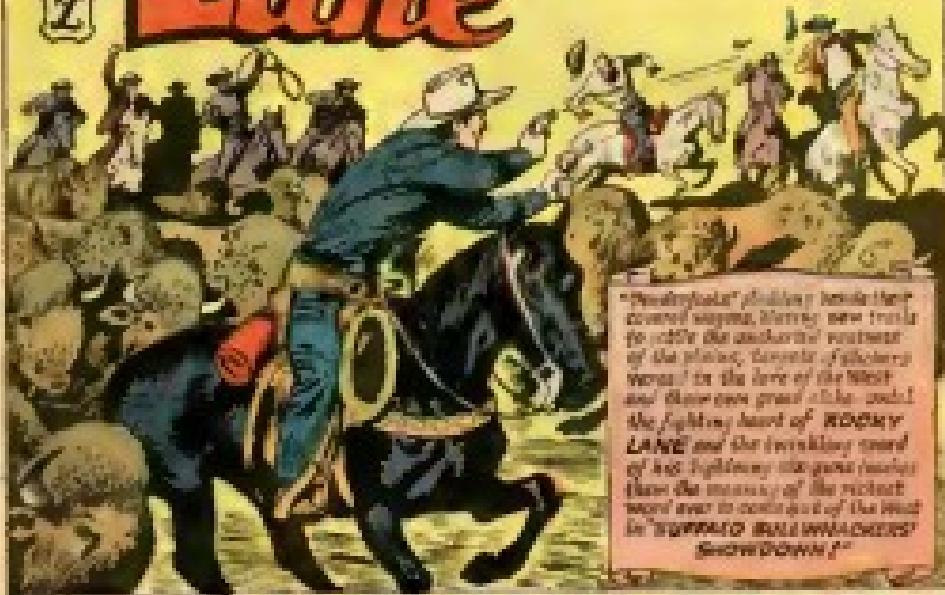
Your pal, *Allen Rocky Lane
and Black Jack*

Mr. Our latest movie adventure now showing on your local screens are "The Endless Frontier" and "Kings of the Plains."

RADIO'S FINEST STAR.

Rocky Lane

in BUFFALO BILL AND CODY'S SHOWDOWN!

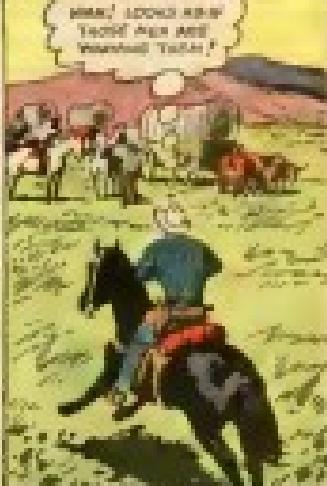


"Pony express" robbery breaks their covered wagons, forcing new trails to settle the unchartered westward of the plains. "Custer's followers" travel to the last of the West and there are great odds and the fighters heard of ROCKY LANE and the lightning speed of his lightning weapons make him the master of the violent word ever to conquer the West in "BUFFALO BILL AND CODY'S SHOWDOWN!"

We find JENNY LANE, renegaded, fighting young Undersheriff Marshal, mounting charges along the Wyoming Trail...

RECOGNIZE BETTER NAME AND WHERE CANON ADDRESSES THEM TO SEE THE RAILROAD SPOT WHERE THE STARS OF THE UNCHARDED PLAINS?

THAT CLASS OF BUFFALO BEAR A GENEVA TRAIN BEARING THIRTY-NINE LITTLE BOYS BLACK JACKS! IF THAT TRAIN CHANGES HERE, THE TWO DOMESTICS?



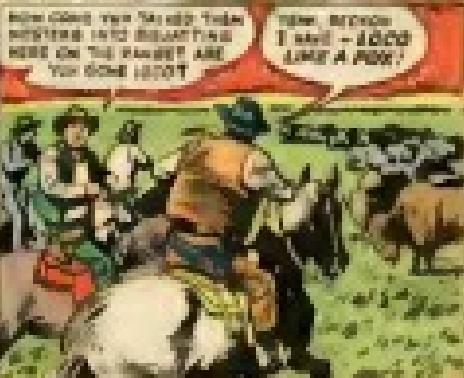
ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THESE RIDERS TELL ME WE
MUST BE ABLE TO GET ACROSS
THE NECK WHERE? WHAT YOU
GET TO SAY ABOUT THAT,
SINCE ILL KNOW HOW COME
FROM YOUR MOUTH!

THEY'VE PLANNED ENOUGH
BETTER TAKE ANOTHER
TRAIL, IF YOU'RE GOING
TO PUSH ON!

YOU PEAKS CAME OUT HERE
TO SETTLE, DIDN'T YOU?
MAYBE NOT, BUT ALL
SETTLE RIGHT NOW!

THAT APPEARS LIKE
SECOND ADVICE! THIS
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER
COUNTRY AS EASY TO
SETTLE IN!



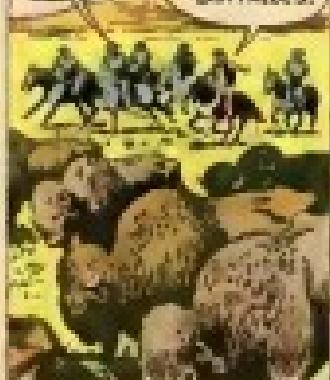
BUT THE
LOT OF YOU
WON'T
GET IT!
WE'RE
GOING
CRAZY TO FIND
WHERE WE
COMING ON!

BUT THEY
ALREADY GOT
OILED UP FIRM
WITH IT! BESIDES,
WHILES PEOPLE
DO BETTER
THAN THIS,
WHO'S GONE?

THEY'LL BE
SHOT-UP
AFTER WE SETTLE
THE COUNTRY.
THEY DON'
KNOW!
THEY DON'T
KNOW WHO I'M
BUFFALO!

BUFFALO! BUFFALO!
EVERYBODY
KNOWS YOU CAN'T GET BUFFALOES
TEN MILES! IF YOU HOLE 'EM
OR PUT 'EM IN TRAPS, THEY
JUST LIE DOWN
AND DIE!

SURE! I HEARD
ABOUT THAT - BUT
THREE FORTYFOOT
DOWN?



TRADE A DILapidated
BLACK SCHOENE, BUT
TILL GIVE YOU SHOW
WE A TRAIN OF BUFFALO
HORSES BEFORE THAT'S
SAY THA' HOW YOU
GONA GET AROUND
THAT!

TRADE PLEASE BABY!...
GUN, RIDE TO TOWN AND
GET A COUPLE OF ROCKETS
OF GUNS AND A PAIR
OF GOOD REVOLVERS.
WE'LL MEET YOU
TOMORROW IN
BOX CANYON!

NIGHT, BOSS!
I'LL GET YOU
WELL!

That night...

BUT YOUR HABITS AREN'T
VERY NICE AND IN THE
END, JACKIEY WILL HAVE
TO BE KILLED THIS NIGHT
BEFORE THEY KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENED!

I'M
READY!



Suddenly...

RUSTLING...
BANG!

DO YOU
HEAR AN
ALARM
BELL YESTERDAY?

BANG!
BANG!



KEEP 'EM ROLLING!...
THEY AREN'T KEEPER
ON OUR TRAIL!



TRADE! ALL I NEED IS TWO
COWHIDES FOR WHAT I HAVE TEN
DON'T WAKE THE REST OF THE HERD
BABA OF PARADISE BETTER HURRY
YOU CAN PICK THEM
UP WITH A HORN
PARK CITY,
GUNNISON?

CHEAP,
MENO!

HORSES, BOSS?
I GOT THOSE
SHOOTS AND
THE BLUE TIN
PIVOTED?

GOOD! TONIGHT
WE'LL HOLD A
GUNFIRE FEAST AND
TOMORROW WE'LL
ROUND UP A HERD
OF BUFFALO TO BELL
TO THE VENGEFUL
BITTLERS!

Good day...

ALL RIGHT, BOSS! I'LL
DO IT AND SET YOU
A QUARTERSTICK
TOMORROW ON
THE CANNON!

EIGHTY!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Mr. J. and his son are away, a pair
of bears, friends and foes -
the opposition.

Another cloud of dust!
What we thought party to
gathered heading for bad
water country! No, it's
better news than that!



GET DOWN, GUNMAN! GET
DOWN! LOOK AS IF ONE HUNDRED
SETTLEMENTS ON THE WOLVERINE RIVER
IS GOING TO BE A
FIGHTING JOB!



IT'S A MARCH OF BRAINS
BULL DANIEL TURNS THE
ENTRANCE TO THAT COUNTRY
OF AWE! ANOTHER CHARGE?
RECORD TIME! BULL
DOUGIE INTO!



THEY'RE NOT BUFFALO HUNTERS! THAT'S SURE,
BECAUSE THEY'RE WALKING ONLY ONE HORSE!
NOT A BUFFALO BULL BEEN CARRIED BY
ANY OF THEM. BLAH! THOSE ARE THE
GUYS WE'RE GOING TO SETTLE WITH! THE
SETTLEMENTS TO SETTLE HERE! LOOK
AS IF THERE'S NO SOMETHING
AND I AIM TO FIND
OUT WHAT!



THEIR HEAD CLOSELY WORN,
THEIR HAVING UP MAKES A GOOD STRIKE. ALL SET UP
ON THEM AND FIND OUT WHATS
GOING ON!



HERE'S WHERE WE FIGHT, GUNMAN! FOR
A while, GUNMAN! INHOLD
PARD! THAT'S IT! I DON'T WANT
THEIR JUMPERS TO SPOT YOU
WHILE I SICKEN
ON AHEAD!



THAT'S IT, BOYS! FOR THE REST OF YEAR
IN WHOLE WE TAKE A COUPLE OF THOUSANDS
AND NOT FEW HUNDREDS AND ONE HUNDRED!

**SHARS AND
GLOST**
BRAINS WHAT
THEY'S GOIN
TO DO?





Several hours later...

THOSE THIEVES, FOOLISH THE DARNED WOLF-BRACK BRUTALISTS IN THE COUNTRY! THEY TAKE THE PLACE OF THE CITIZENS! THE RAILROAD'S ON YOU! SOFT CHEAP, TOO!

SO I TRAPPE'D THEM CAMP— TO PLUNCH THE SETTLERS!

BUTTERFLY TO US FOR FLORIDA! HOW DON'T I THINK OF THAT?

SO I TRAPPE'D THEM CAMP— TO PLUNCH THE SETTLERS!

JUST LOOK AT THE MAIL, THAT LOSER! WHAT AM I DOING FOR THE WHOLE KIND OF THEM? THE LUCKY FELLOWS THAT OWNED THE GORGEOUS CITY RAILROAD GIVING 'EM TO THE RAIL FOR YOU SO FREELY!

WHAT AM I DOING? I DO THE FLORIDA DOLLARS! I DO A DIAMOND!

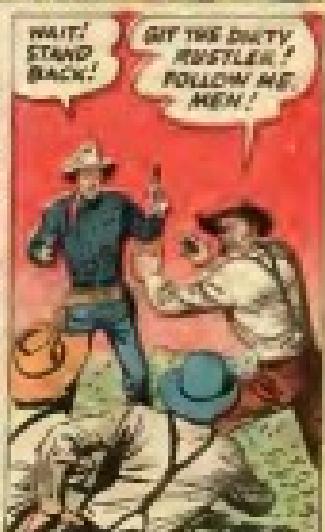


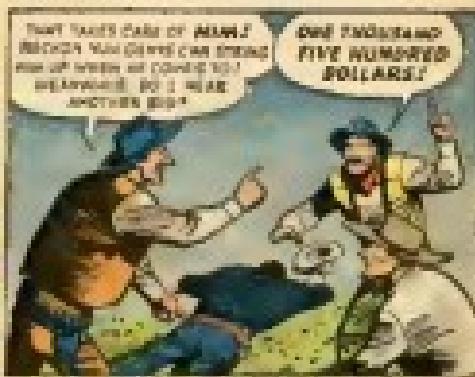
SO I HEAR ANOTHER, HEY! — MAMMY! I AM THE DIRTY MUSTLER! GET YOUR HANDS OFF, YOU UNLUCKY ASSHOLE!



THEN THE OLD CLEAVING DRAKE OF KANSAS MADE THE SITUATION BY INNOCENTLY ACCORDING ROOKE LANE.

“IT’S NO USE! I AM THE DIRTY MUSTLER, JUST AS I WAS THE OTHER DAY, BUT YOU CAN’T FORCE ME TO SELL MY BUFFALOES! HEY! SO YOU CAN CHEAT THESE HORSES, RAGS!”





ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WHY CAN I BE TRUSTED, BUT
THAT A TEAM OF BUFFALOES
WON'T BEAT THEM? HOW
COME FATHER DON'T LET
DAD AND ME GET?

BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT
BUFFALOES! IN FACT THEY'RE
NOT ON YOUR OWN SIDE.
**MADE TO LOOK
LIKE BUFFALOES!**

**THAT'S IT! DOES THAT
MEAN THE BUFFALOES?**

NO TIME FOR
QUARRELS NOW!
I'VE GOT A PLATE
OF CIGARROS TO
BANK!



AS THE SIGHT OF THE APPROACHING
COWBOYS CAUSES A GREAT
BLACK MUSTANG TO RUMBLE TO
THE MOUNTAIN CALL.



**GET AWAY, BLACK JACK! OLD FARM! WE'VE
GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE!**



**FATHER! THERE THEY GO, TRYING
TO GET AWAY WITH THE REST OF
THE STOCKS DASH!**





??!!? QUIZ

1. JAMES MONROE WAS THE FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
TRUE FALSE



2. MASSACHUSETTS WERE FIRST ADDED IN THE CIVIL WAR.
TRUE FALSE

TRUE FALSE

3. MR. JACKSON MADE MARSHALS FOR THE HOLY GRAIL.
TRUE FALSE

TRUE FALSE

4. A STANDARD TYPEWRITER HAS THREE ROWS OF KEYS.
TRUE FALSE



5. KANE WAS ADMITTED TO THE UNION IN 1860.
TRUE FALSE



TRUE FALSE

ANSWERS

1. TRUE 2. FALSE 3. FALSE 4. FALSE 5. FALSE



